

# THE AMERICAN

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# THE AMERICAN.

VOL. XVI.—NO. 424.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1888.

PRICE, 6 CENTS

*We are uncompromisingly in favor of the American system of Protection; we protest against its destruction as proposed by the President and his party. They serve the interests of Europe. We will support the interests of America. We accept the issue, and confidently appeal to the people for their judgment. The Protective system must be maintained.*—[REPUBLICAN NATIONAL PLATFORM.]

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## REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

“IF there may be any drift,” says the *Sun*, “it is not toward Mr. Cleveland, but away from him.” This is the growing feeling on both sides of the political divide, and it comes out in the grumbling complaints of the Administration organs that the Democratic campaign is being betrayed by those who should be up and doing, but are not. Formerly it was the National Committee that was the chief sinner, but now the *New York Times* discovers it is the Congressional Committee which is remiss in its duty, while the Republican Committee is as busy as a bee-hive. Perhaps the Committee cannot help itself. Democratic Congressmen made plenty of fiery speeches in advocacy of the Mills bill, in which they scored the Tariff without reserve. Now they wish those speeches never had been delivered, and if they were to send out the multitudinous copies of them they had got ready as campaign literature, they know how the Republicans would rejoice. The Republicans, on the other hand, are fighting this campaign on just the lines they fought the Mills bill. Their speeches are still available, because they did not change front when it came to close quarters, and it is at very little cost of time and money that they send out available campaign literature to their districts and the country at large. They are happy, while the poor Democrats are disgusted with their accumulations of eloquence, which now are as explosive as dynamite.

Next to the elections, it is Mr. Harrison's letter and the renomination of Governor Hill which serve to cheer the Republicans. The more that letter is read, and read in connection with that of the President, the more the country finds reason to regard its next President as a high-minded, level-headed man, in whose hands every interest of the nation will be safe. The notions the Democrats have been so anxious to disseminate, that Mr. Harrison is a person of very ordinary capacity, that he is a friend of unlimited immigration, that he is committed to “Free Whiskey,” and that he is or will be a mere tool of Mr. Blaine's, all vanish before its frank and decisive statements. Not that Mr. Blaine differs in the least from the position taken by Mr. Harrison and the Chicago platform, but they have been so strenuously asserting that he is the friend of Trusts that they either must admit that they are lying or find Mr. Harrison and him at odds on that question. The frank avowal of a belief in the policy of national aid to education will be very welcome to many in the South who hardly will vote for its author this time, but who will be none the less pleased to see a President in office who supports that proposal.

MESSRS. ALLISON AND SHERMAN have been giving the Senate points as to the preparation of the new Tariff bill. They both agree that the bill is to be reported at this session, and that with as much promptness as the case admits of. But they cannot say when exactly it will be ready. It is not disagreement as to its provisions that stands in the way of an immediate report, but the

necessity of hearing from the representatives of industries which will be affected by its new rates of duty, whether higher or lower than in the Tariff of 1883. We are glad to learn that an increase of duty on the higher grades of imported wool is one of its features.

In the meantime the Senate should take some action adverse to Trusts more severe than is proposed in the bill introduced by Mr. Cullom, which merely declares all combinations to limit competition and keep up prices to be unlawful and void. This is much too sweeping on the one hand, and much too weak on the other. A trades' union would come within this definition, and yet even Mr. Cullom would not wish to have it declared unlawful. Several states expressly declare trades' unions lawful, Pennsylvania going farther in this than any other. And it is of very little use to enunciate a maxim of that kind, which there would be very little opportunity to make efficient in the administration of Federal law. Mr. Reagan's bill both defined Trusts with accuracy, and proposed a reasonable fine when they came within the scope of national jurisdiction. Would it not be possible to levy a prohibitory tax on the products of Trusts, like that levied upon oleomargarine?

SENATOR HALE's Committee on the Civil Service has been taking farther testimony as to the administration of the Pendleton-Eaton Law in Indiana. An attempt has been made to throw discredit upon the testimony already furnished the Committee by Mr. Foulke, although a more unimpeachable witness could not be found anywhere. So Mr. Lucius F. Swift, chairman of the committee of ex-Republicans who in 1884 worked for the election of Mr. Cleveland as a reformer, now corroborates everything Mr. Foulke had said, besides vouching for him as a man entirely worthy of credence. From the account Mr. Swift gave of Postmaster Aquila Jones of Indianapolis, we must infer that even our own Mr. Harrity might get some points from this Western worker. He has dismissed nearly every man he found in office, making no difference between old soldiers and civilians. Of the men secured by competitive examinations to fill their places, every one is a Democrat, which is eight per cent. better than Mr. Harrity's record. Nor has he played the hypocrite in the matter. He gave Mr. Swift and another reformer full and free warning of what he meant to do, and although Mr. Cleveland was told of this and of the way in which he had kept his word, nothing was done but to have an “investigation.” Mr. Jones continues year after year in the Indianapolis office, not to the benefit of the mail service. Mr. Swift presented evidence as to the utter incompetence of the new officials in letters sent astray without the slightest excuse, and detailed some scandalous instances of the retention in office of men whose conduct should have secured their instant dismissal. It is quite certain that men like Mr. Swift are not to be entrapped into voting for Mr. Cleveland a second time as a reformer. They probably will cast their ballots for the Indiana man, whose word always has been as good as his bond, and who says: “The law should have a friendly interpretation, and be faithfully and vigorously enforced. All appointments under it should be absolutely free from partisan considerations and influence. . . . Further legislation extending the reform to other branches of the service, to which it is applicable, would receive my approval. In appointments to every grade and department, fitness and not party service should be the essential and discriminating test, and fidelity and efficiency the only sure tenure of office. Only the interests of the public service should suggest removals from office.”

OUR Democratic friends are very indignant at the assertion that Free Trade or Protection is the issue of the campaign. Yet their candidate in his letter of acceptance avows himself a Free

Trader. He says, speaking for the Democratic party: "We believe that the Trusts are the offspring of a market artificially restricted," and intimates that the only real cure is to be found in the removal of their cause. Now "artificial restriction of market" is just another name for Protection, and the removal of such restriction is only another name for Free Trade. And while the Mills bill does not enact absolute Free Trade in the historical sense of that term, the President's Message and his Letter point to that as the goal of the movement in which it is the first step. A vote for Mr. Cleveland this year is not only a vote for the Mills bill, but for a series of such bills in the near future. Not a single advocate of that bill speaks of it as a finality, and so long as this is the case it is perfectly fair to insist that the voter who casts his ballot for Mr. Cleveland, casts it for Free Trade. We should not hesitate to do this even in the absence of such indiscreet avowals as Colonel Breckinridge made when he stigmatized the repetition of the clause of 1884 in the St. Louis platform as a piece of deception, or as Mr. Watterson made on his return from the St. Louis Convention when he told his neighbors that "the entire destruction of the protective system" was the goal of Democratic efforts, or as Mr. Vest made in a letter recently given to the public: "Mr. Cleveland, in his Message, for which I sincerely honor him, has challenged the protected industries of the country to a fight of extermination. The fight is to the death." These slips into candor only illustrate and confirm the impression created by the character of the Mills bill, the denunciations of Protection with which it was supported in the House, and the joy it excited among the enemies of our national policy in other countries. The issue is Protection or Free Trade.

THERE are three clauses in the Mills bill which deserve especially close study. The first is that which puts tin-plate on the Free List, and thus enables foreign makers of sheet-iron to evade the duty on that article by a slight coating of tin. The second is that which seems to protect our pottery makers by a reasonably high duty on the finished product, but admits ceramics all but finished at a low rate of duty, to be finished at a very small cost in this country. The third is that which abolishes the \$25 license tax on the retailers of spirituous liquors, thus not only counteracting in so far the effect of High License laws, but destroying one of the most effective means of detecting and punishing illicit trade. This clause is omitted in the edition of the bill sent out by the National Committee of the Democratic party, and also in the copies published by the *Evening Post*,—and that after attention had been called to the omission.

FOR some time after Mr. Cleveland's election in 1884 the ex-Republicans continued to point to the peaceful condition of the South as evidence that the Freedmen were as safe under a Democratic administration as under those which had preceded it. But the true test of Democratic rule is coming only now when a national election has to be held under Democratic auspices, and state and federal officials alike are pledged to the maintenance of "white man's government" by any means that are found available, whatever their moral character. Already the elections in the South give promise of being the most bloody that have been witnessed since the days of the Ku Klux Klan. Republicans have been assassinated already in Texas, Mississippi, and Louisiana, and the Arkansas election is said to have been carried by terrorism and fraud upon the ballot-box. Of course some deduction must be made from the statements furnished by indignant Republicans, who have seen the local and state ticket of their party denied a fair chance at the polls. But after all deductions there remains so much that is confirmed by the Census returns and by previous election returns, as to leave little room for doubt that the Mexicanization of politics in Arkansas has attained a thoroughness which puts that state at the head. This is the more to be deplored as Arkansas has been distinguished from its sister commonwealths in the lower Mississippi by a comparative fair-

ness to the black voters. This has caused a considerable immigration of Freedmen from South Carolina, Mississippi, and other states, and this was encouraged rather than deprecated by the Arkansians. But neither South Carolina nor Mississippi could surpass the displays of outrage and fraud by which the Union Labor ticket was defeated at the recent election, although even these have not prevented the reduction of the Democratic majority by over 18,000 votes. This certainly is a case for a formal investigation by the national Senate, and if half that is charged is true, then there is good ground for saying that the "Republican form of government" guaranteed to every state by the Constitution no longer exists in Arkansas, and that therefore the national authority must intervene for its restoration.

THE renomination of Governor Hill in New York puts the ex-Republican Democrats into an awkward position. They have abused him so heartily that they cannot with any face support his candidacy, although they know that in opposing it they are helping to defeat Mr. Cleveland. Their opposition did not weigh as much as a feather with the party managers, who no doubt foresaw the harm it might do to the national ticket to put Mr. Hill forward again. But they probably had made up their minds that Mr. Cleveland has no chance at any rate, so that it was not worth while to sacrifice a candidate so much to their own liking in order to help one for whom they have no love. It is not in evidence that Mr. Cleveland offered any opposition to the nomination. It was two of his personal friends who moved and seconded it in the convention. Perhaps he has faith in his good friends, the Mugwumps, that they will get over their sulk before the day of election comes. But it looks as though they were taking it pretty seriously. The *Times* has endorsed Mr. Miller's candidacy in its editorial columns, and it talks him up in its news department as though it were ready to work for his election. And it roundly abuses the convention, the candidate, and everything connected with the Democratic nomination. It certainly will be a great gain for the Republican party should it secure the governorship as well as the Legislature, and thus be able to conform the license laws of the State to those of Pennsylvania and other Republican commonwealths. To prevent this the saloon men are working like beavers for Mr. Hill's election, and it is said that their quota towards its expenses is to be \$225,000. The Prohibitionists are working to the same end with equal vigor, but the returns from Vermont and Maine do not indicate the growth of men so devoted to the Temperance cause as to be anxious to help its enemies into power.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Sun*, writing from Louisville, calls attention to the possibility which exists that the Republicans may obtain a majority of the Congressional delegation from that State. They now have three of the eleven representatives, and at the last State election their candidate for governor had majorities in two other districts, and it is not unlikely that they will both hold these gains and elect their man in the Louisville district besides. Kentucky is much more of a manufacturing state than is generally supposed, and this interest has made more rapid advances than any other. Besides this the hemp-growers of the state have no reason to favor the cry for "free raw materials" and its incorporation into the Mills bill. And there is a deeply rooted Whig tradition in Kentucky, which cherishes the memory of Clay and Harrison, and is not promotive of Democratic unity. It is said that Mr. Higgins is arranging to colonize Southern Indiana from Kentucky next November. We do not vouch for the statement, but if it be true, it may be found on election day that Kentucky needs all the Democratic votes she can muster.

Mr. Asher G. Carruth, who represents the Louisville district, is the especial friend of Mr. Henry Watterson of the *Courier-Journal*, whose rank advocacy of Free Trade has roused a fierce opposition to both the paper and its client. He had a majority of only 146 at the last election, and it is believed that the Mills bill



has changed votes enough to overcome a far bigger majority than this. Kentucky is a good field for Republican effort, as the white element in the party is much too large to allow the differences of party to be confounded with race differences, and also much too strong to permit of the introduction of Mexican methods.

FOUR years ago Mr. Randall was an excellent stalking-horse for the Democracy. It was said that that could not be the party of Free Trade since so eminent a Protectionist stood so high in its councils and was working so hard for the success of its national ticket. As the campaign advances the need of another stalking-horse becomes evident to Mr. Brice. Mr. Randall is still too ill to take the stump for a party which has cast him out of favor, but Mr. Sowden might serve as well. He has had two invitations from the National Committee to enter the service of a party which has elevated the Mills bill into a test of party soundness, and he has declined them both. He at least will not aid in the campaign of deception, by which the laboring men are to be invited to vote the bread out of their mouths and the clothes off their children's backs. He can wait until the people have had time to give the Democracy its lesson, and to put a stop to any further coquetting with Free Trade.

THE National Encampment of the Grand Army did one wise and one very foolish thing. The first was in endorsing the Dependent Pensions Act and not any kind of Service Pension proposal. Mr. Cleveland now stands committed to signing that act as soon as Congress sends it to him. We learn from the *New York Times* of July 14th that Col. Ammon of that State received through General Fairchild "the most positive assurance that the President would sign any Pension bill which the Grand Army would unite upon and recommend." That should be final.

The foolish thing was in not receiving in profound silence the response the President sent to an invitation to attend the Encampment. After the disturbance of a year ago, there should have been no such invitation sent; but the local Committee of Arrangements, at Columbus as at St. Louis, made the mistake of sending one, and the response made its way into the hands of the presiding officer, who read it to the Encampment. It was received, we are sorry to say, with a hubbub of mingled hisses and cheers, and with motions to lay it on the table or refer it to the Committee on Pensions. After all, Mr. Cleveland is the chief magistrate of the nation and commander-in-chief of the Army, and whatever objections there may be to the man, his office calls for the respect of every citizen, and above all of every soldier. Silence would have been just as effective as an expression of the feelings of the veterans, and much more dignified in them, as well as more in keeping with the nation's honor.

A VERY interesting and important document is Special Issue No. 42 of the "United States Consular Reports," published on the last day of August. Heretofore the reports have been worked so steadily for the promotion of Free Trade views that we have come to open them with much the same expectations as we do the editorial page of a Mugwump newspaper. But Mr. Thomas H. Hotchkiss, our consul at Ottawa, seems to have had in view the interests of the country rather than that of his party. He states very carefully the difference between the Canadian control of timber lands by the government and our own looser method, and then proceeds to show that the remission of the duty of \$2.00 a thousand upon imported lumber would not in the least lower the price of lumber to the American consumer. For the first year, perhaps, the Canadian saw-mills could reap the remission of the duty, but as soon as the leases of the lumber-men fell in, the government would add the amount of the duty to the charges levied for the use of the lands, and turn into the Canadian treasury the whole amount which was supposed to be remitted to the American consumer. This explains the very lively interest that members of the Canadian government have shown in obtaining a remission of the lumber duties of the American Tariff. There

is no point on which they have been more insistent with American visitors of influence than this, and at the same time they have not been so ready as Mr. Hotchkiss to explain the relations of the subject to Canadian finance. In admitting Canadian lumber free we are asked to favor a monstrous Lumber-Trust, political in its character and perennially unfriendly to the American people, which will simply enlarge its profits to the full extent of the duty we remit.

Mr. Hotchkiss, who has been in the lumber business for forty years, believes that quite exaggerated ideas prevail as to the magnitude and importance of the Canadian supply. It sounds large when we read that the mills on the Ottawa sawed 600,000,000 feet of lumber last year, and that the amount is capable of being increased to 1,000,000,000 feet. But this is not half enough to supply the Chicago market alone, so that the remedy for our diminishing lumber supply must be sought not in drawing upon our neighbors, but in strenuous efforts to restore the forests of our own country. On neither ground have we any reason to justify the transfer of lumber to the Free List, as is proposed by the Mills bill. We are getting from Canada nearly all the lumber she can supply, and we are getting it as cheaply as we will under any arrangement.

It can hardly be possible that the people of New Jersey will elect a Democratic legislature this year, in order to repeal the Local Option and restrictive liquor legislation of last winter. Yet it is said that in Cape May county, (the only one of the five in which the liquor elections have been held that voted for license), many Prohibitionists abstained from voting, and so let the liquor elements prevail. The extreme Third Party people are thoroughly committed to their policy of separate action, and they have no hope of increasing the strength of their organization except by breaking down the Republican party and then appropriating its materials. This method is not likely to be practicable, but they do not see that fact so clearly as most people. A strong letter on the subject appears in *The Independent* of this week, addressed by Professor Duffield, of Princeton, to Dr. Deems, of New York. He sets forth the folly of giving over New Jersey to the saloon control very cogently.

THERE is a feature of the Prohibition case which has attracted the attention of one member of the Third Party, who now announces his intention not to aid further, for the present, that much desired breaking up of the Republican party. He has reflected that the reelection of Mr. Cleveland would make almost certain a Democratic majority on the bench of the Supreme Court, and that judging by experience it is very unlikely that it would be safe to take up to such judges questions as to the constitutionality of prohibitory enactments. Doubtless there is something in this: we might suggest to the candid thoughtfulness of General Fisk, for instance, what sort of a decision Prohibitionists might expect to get from Mr. Bayard, if he were on the bench. And who is there, let us add, more likely to be appointed to the Supreme bench by Mr. Cleveland than Mr. Bayard?

MR. KNUTE NELSON, of Minnesota, although he voted for the Mills bill, is not going to support Mr. Cleveland. He has enrolled himself as "a high private" in a Harrison and Morton Club. He never was much of an admirer of Mr. Cleveland, and is less such since his retaliation message, which threatens the interests of the Northwest. His speech on that subject was one of the severest delivered in the House. "The President's action," he said, "has been dictated by political necessity, and in his zeal to un-English himself before the American people, he permits himself to recommend the unwarranted abrogation of a solemn international compact, and from this abrogation we would suffer more than the Canadians."

CONGRESS has voted \$100,000 for the relief of the yellow-fever sufferers at Jacksonville. This is as it ought to be. But

if the adjournment had taken place at the usual time, no aid from the national treasury would have been obtainable. In our judgment Congress never should adjourn without placing an emergency fund of at least half a million of dollars in the hands of the President and his Cabinet to meet sudden emergencies of this nature, which occur most commonly when the session is over. Two years ago, there was not a penny of national aid to the sufferers by the earthquake in the South-Atlantic States, although the Treasury was over-flowing with money and the hearts of the people with sympathy. Of course the wealthy people of our great cities can contribute independently, as they are now doing. What is needed is to enable the whole country to emphasize the principle of national brotherhood in times of special local distress by a gift from the common purse.

The epidemic in Jacksonville has raged for weeks, with no prospects of abatement in a climate where frost comes seldom, until it has spent its force. Yet thanks to modern sanitary appliances, the infection and the mortality both fall far below what Philadelphia endured in 1793, when the death rate in a population not twice as large as that of Jacksonville was sometimes 100 a day. Possibly the disease itself has lost something of its old virulence, as is the case with some other maladies.

THE weather in Europe and this country seems to have been complementary. Up to a recent date the amount of rain in Western Europe generally and in the British Islands especially was far in excess of what was good for agriculture. Then when the wheat crop had already been seriously damaged as to quantity, and still more as to quality, fair weather set in and has continued. In America we had good weather until about the time of the same change. Our much earlier wheat harvest was over when rain began, but our corn crop has suffered somewhat from frosts in some northern localities from New England across to Michigan, and from the want of sufficient heat and dry weather in other parts of the country. These drawbacks upon it, however are unimportant, and the corn yield of the country will undoubtedly be one of the greatest if not the very largest, ever raised. The area planted is estimated at 75½ million acres, and the yield at a little over two billions of bushels, (2,015,000,000). The greatest corn crop of the country heretofore was that of 1885, when it reached 1,936,176,000 bushels.

And it may be interesting to note how much corn we raise now compared with a time so recent as "the War." In 1863, the crop was 4 millions of bushels (398,317,380). In a quarter of a century it has multiplied itself five-fold.

It is too soon to pronounce upon the temper of the Commission created by Act of Parliament to investigate the charges brought by the London *Times* against Mr. Parnell and other Home Rule members of the House of Commons. But thus far Sir James Hannan and his colleagues have acted with a show of fairness which is exciting great hopes of an equitable treatment of the case throughout. Much to the disgust of the *Times* and its lawyers, Mr. Walter has been ordered to produce the documents on which he based his charges that Mr. Parnell expressed indirectly his approval of the policy of assassination, and also to formulate those charges for the action of the Commission. In other words the three judges mean to treat Mr. Walter as the prosecutor of the Home Rulers, and to compel him to obey all the rules the law provides for the protection of accused persons, instead of allowing him to roam at will in the paths of political oburgation and requiring the Irish members to meet new accusations at any and every step of the investigation. This puts an end to the danger which the friends of Mr. Parnell especially feared, and justifies his sagacity in intrusting his case to the judges nominated by the government. At the same time it is to be remembered that the most partisan judges have been in the habit of making a fine show of impartiality on preliminary and unimportant points.

MR. CARL SCHURZ has written to a German newspaper to contradict the loose and unfavorable impressions which foreigners have formed of the presidential elections of this country. The two points on which he insists are that these elections are not controlled by money, and that they are not a social pandemonium while they last. We do not suppose that any one who has paid attention to comparative politics regards the quadrennial recurrence of our political tension as an arrangement incapable of improvement in the interest of both the morality and the prosperity of the country. Elections come much too often, and there should be a more vigorous and judicial public opinion to suppress some of the moral abuses which attend. The strength of this country is in the men who hate the lies told for the benefit of their own party as vigorously as those which are told against it. When there are enough of them to make their weight felt, party lying will not be profitable. But after all deductions, there is something in the submission of the choice of their highest ruler to the vote of a free people, and in the present case so much has been made to depend upon questions of principle rather than on personality, that the sight is more impressive than usual. That a bad impression to the contrary prevails in Europe is due to the lines into which Mr. Schurz and his party forced the contest of 1884 by their personal attacks upon Mr. Blaine. That the Republicans did not follow them willingly into that kind of discussion they have shown by their treatment of Mr. Cleveland in the present campaign.

THE French Republic has undertaken to regulate the price of bread in the interest of the consumer, after the fashion which was universal in Europe two centuries ago. But the Government has overdone the business by putting the price of the loaf so low that the bakers find it better worth while to shut their shops than to go on. As a consequence there have been bread riots in Paris, not unlike those which were the first forerunners of the Revolution of 1789. It is a significant fact that the most democratic country in Europe shows such readiness to return to just those methods of government interference with individual liberty of action which have been regarded as characteristic of meddlesome monarchy. It shows how far the popular faith in personal liberty has been undermined by socialistic agitation. And no policy is so certain to prepare a country for a master, as that which trains its people to comply in such matters as this with the will of the majority, rather than follow their own judgments. When a nation beckons in this way for a master, the despot is sure not to be far off.

#### THE PURCHASE OF BONDS WITH THE SURPLUS.

WHEN General Harrison, in his letter of acceptance, said that the surplus already in the Treasury should be used for the purchase of bonds, some of the opposition newspapers jumped on this with much pretense of exultation, and the New York *Times* announced that its writer would soon be very sorry he ever used such language. But in an address to some visiting delegations at Indianapolis, on Wednesday of the present week, General Harrison again referred to the subject, and repeated and emphasized his former suggestion.

The fact is that under the circumstances this is the best, as it is the only rational and defensible, thing for the Treasury to do with that excess of money which has already accumulated, and which will yet accumulate before legislation reducing revenues shall take effect. As General Harrison pointed out in his speech on Wednesday, the Secretary may do three things with his surplus: he may lock it up, (thus disturbing the business circulation of the country); he may loan it to banks, (without receiving any interest from it, though the banks, of course, lend it out and make interest); or he may go into the market and buy up the United States bonds which are outstanding, though not yet redeemable. The actual policy of Mr. Fairchild, since the last of the old bonds were called in, has been a combination of all three of these policies. His cash in the Treasury vaults has increased, he has put



a large sum into certain banks, and he has bought a considerable amount of bonds in the open market. From September 1, 1887, to the first of the present month, the outstanding bonded debt of the United States decreased nearly 54½ millions of dollars, and the bonds thus retired were nearly all purchased.

We say it is clearly right, under the circumstances, to go on energetically in this direction. It is true that the bonds must be bought at a premium. But this premium only represents interest which the Government will have to pay at any rate. It pays it now, at one time, instead of at different times in the future. Suppose Mr. Fairchild uses idle money to buy 4 per cent. bonds which will not become redeemable until July 1, 1907. Suppose he uses the alleged 130 millions of surplus, which Democratic authorities say is lying in the Treasury, and purchases 100 millions of these 1907 bonds at 130. He pays, it is true, thirty millions of dollars in premium. But the interest at 4 per cent. on the hundred millions of bonds, from October 1, 1888, to July 1, 1907, nineteen and three-quarter years, will be seventy-nine millions of dollars, and unless these bonds are purchased in just this way, seventy-nine millions of interest will be paid out upon them before they can be called in and paid off.

It is true, therefore, that no excuse can be offered for the accumulation of surplus in the Treasury, by the Secretary, nor can an adequate defense be made of the policy of handing it over to banks for their use. Desirable as it would be to have the ordinary funds of the Treasury kept in touch with the business of the country by depositing them in a bank or banks, instead of hoarding them in the vaults, this is a separate and distinct detail of fiscal policy from that of putting to use the unneeded and idle surplus which is on hand.

That the Government can afford to pay in the open market as much as private parties can, is an evident truth, and General Harrison felicitously threw light on the subject, in his little speech, when he asked the simple question: "If a Government bond at the market premium is a good investment for a capitalist who is free to use his money as he pleases, can it be bad finance for the Government, having money that it cannot use in any other way, to use it in buying up that bond?" The question makes its own answer necessary and obvious. There must be value in these bonds equal to their market quotation, or no investor could afford to pay that price, and if the value is there for a private buyer it is there for the Government which put the bonds out, and which must ultimately pay them off.

That there can be any great enhancement of the premium, under the pressure of a Treasury demand, is not reasonable. The converse of what has just been stated is true: while private buyers can afford to pay the market price, they cannot afford to hold the bonds at rates much above that price. The Government is the ablest buyer possible. It can afford to go above any one else, so long as it has a cash balance needed for no other purpose, and, unless it were within the bounds of the practicable to form a combination of private holders of bonds, control the whole amount outstanding, and demand an excessive price,—its bid is sure to be effective. There can be no excuse for any considerable accumulation of Treasury surplus under existing circumstances. It should be used, as General Harrison says, to buy bonds and wipe out debt.

#### A TRAMP'S STORY.<sup>1</sup>

IT is one of the characteristic phases of our modern civilization that educated Englishmen go everywhere, do everything, and collect a vast amount of very queer experiences at first hand. I doubt if we begin to realize the extent of our obligation to these men who have opened up so much new and hitherto unmapped country to us. For it is the happy gift of not a few of them to know how to tell a story that we like to read. The constitution of the Anglo-Saxon mind, plain, sinewy, fastening by instinct on the fibre of the matter, besides an Englishman's every-day mental and moral habit of sincerity and coolness, helps them to be ve-

racious. It is not every man who has adventures to relate who has also the power of seeing truly and reporting fairly.

Every now and then there comes out a live book, and here is one which contains a vivid account of an experience in our Western States and Territories, which throws new light on familiar things and puts force and meaning into much which has heretofore been dumb show. It is the story of an educated Englishman in poor health, who throws up his career in London and comes to this country without money to enter on a new life in Texas. He can write in a way which makes his reader exclaim at times, "Why, Robert Louis Stevenson could do no better than this." His knowledge of literature is tolerably comprehensive; he has a passion for Beethoven's music and Turner's pictures, and an ardent feeling for everything in nature; he is, evidently, a pleasant, companionable fellow who makes friends and keeps them, is temperate, sensible, and refined. Yet he struggles for bare existence like the most abject beggar and it is a case of life or death with him whether he can earn his dollar a day.

He at once gets a place as shepherd on a Texan ranch, and this pastoral life at first suits him:

"At daylight, breakfast, after a wash in the creek. Bacon and bread and coffee morning, noon, and night, with rare mutton and greasy beans. Then I went to the corrals and let out my sheep and their lambs, the oldest skipping merrily, and the little newborn ones weakly tottering and baa-ing piteously, while the anxious mothers watched their offspring, turning round to lick them, looking at me suspiciously the while. With them I spent day after day in almost utter solitude save for the gentle animals I held in charge. These would scatter out and flock the green prairie with white of wool, browsing on brush and sweet grass, while the lambs played round them, taking tentative doubtful bites at the grass as if not yet assured that anything but milk was good for them, or stood sucking, or fell asleep, sometimes waking suddenly with a loud baa of surprise to find themselves in such a strange wide world, and then rushing motherwards for milk, butting with persistence the patient ewes who moved along gently after other uncropped grasses."

This was a pleasant idyll for a time to the shepherd, who read his Carlyle and Emerson as he watched his sheep with philosophic mind. But the climate did not suit him, and he was besides always under the sting of a goad which drove him on and on, like the Wandering Jew. So he left the ranch with forty-five dollars in his pockets and set out to go to Minnesota. But Minnesota was a long distance from Texas, and he had to look about him to find out some way of crossing the continent without money. But, as we shall see, a true born tramp is not easily daunted by distance, fatigue, or expense. Something casual, unexpected, always turns up for him. And our hero accepts a proposition to go to Chicago as "bull-puncher" on a cattle train. A "bull-puncher's" duty is to keep the steers from lying down and being trodden to death by the other cattle; "for it is too frequently the custom to crowd the poor beasts and put twenty-two where there is only comfortable room for eighteen." The details of such a journey are sickening, yet it is well to realize something of what is going on in every cattle train that crosses the country.

The tug-of-war was now to commence for our tramp, whose money was soon spent, and who, finding a comrade a little more ill and woe-begone than himself, applied at an employment office, and was given a pass and sent out to work on a railroad in north-west Iowa. "This system of sending laborers to distant points on free passes is naturally taken advantage of by persons who wish to go in the direction of the place where the help is needed, and very frequently it happens that on reaching the end of the journey there is scarcely one left of those who started." But "Texas" (so our tramp was called from his having adopted the costume of a Texas ranger) and his "pard," having not a cent of money between them, were very glad to go to work. Not to work long, however, and they were soon tramping on toward Minnesota picking up odd jobs by the way, shucking corn for a few days on the farm of a Congressman named Cook. "He came in to pay us as I was rolling up my blankets, and noticing that I had a book he asked to see it. It was 'Sartor Resartus.' Turning it over and over, he looked at it and then at me and finally said, 'Do you read it?' I answered by another question, 'Do you suppose I carry it just for the sake of carrying it?' 'Well,' said he, 'I am surprised at a man who can read a book such as this seems to be, tramping in Iowa!' 'So am I, Mr. Cook,' I replied, and bidding him good-day, Ray and I marched off a little better in spirit as we now had seven dollars and a half between us." "Texas" went west all the time, working chiefly on railroads, finally reaching the Canadian Pacific near Kicking Horse River. The strange thing about his experience is his easy adaptation to circumstances, and his bland acceptance of a degree of comfort which would suggest to most other men of his turn of mind,

"Comfort scorned of devils!"

<sup>1</sup> THE WESTERN AVERNUS; or Toll and Travel in Further North America. By Morley Roberts. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Let him get his dollar and a half a day or so, have a pipe and his "Sartor Resartus," and be moderately contented with his work, and he could have his fine moments and look down on the kingdoms of the earth. He was almost perfectly happy when he came in sight of the Rocky Mountains and saw them "hang like a bodiless cloud in air over the level plain; thin, impalpable as smoke, yet by the steadfastness of peak and pinnacle a recognized, awful, and threatening barrier." He has never before seen mountains of any good height, and here "the untouched virgin peaks of snow, the rocky pinnacles where eagles sun themselves in the swift and icy air, the dim and scented pine-woods the haunt of bears, the gorges of glaciers, the birthplace of rivers," all give him high and ardent dreams. Until he tires of the life in the railroad camps he has a very good time; finds half a dozen companionable men with whom he talks, tells his own stories and listens to theirs, and quotes poetry by the hour, Dante, Rossetti, and his other favorites. A very fair sort these railroad-makers of all nationalities seem to be; not discontented nor particularly quarrelsome, except when drunk, and taking life easily without despair if they can only have their "pie" every day. "This piece of daily pastry is a source of wonderful content to many laboring men. Without it, let the other food be ever so good, he feels he is being defrauded, and with it, though it be only of dried apples and sodden paste, he will put up with no potatoes and bad beef or even none at times."

"Texas" of course tired of wheelbarrow and pick-axe presently, and decided to push on "across the Selkirks" on foot, having persuaded a German called Fritz to undertake the tramp with him. His description of the Columbia crossing and the perils of the "trail" are well worth reading. Accounts of the scenery on the Canadian Pacific railroad seem to make it clear that we have nothing so fine in this country, and the pictures our author draws of the beauty and grandeur of the Columbia and Frazer cañons are striking in the extreme. Still no matter what compensation for physical discomfort nature might afford, our tramp had a grim time of it, suffering tortures from his feet all the while. We cannot pause, however, to give details of his experience as he presses on towards the Pacific, finding an occasional respite in a ranch, and finally settling down to work in a saw-mill. "In a little over seven months," he writes, "I had come from New York, having journeyed nearly 8,000 miles in train, on steamer, and on foot, over prairie, mountain, river, and lake; in pain and misery, in joy and delight, with Fear and Hope my companions, and now I could in imagination hear the roar of the breakers of the Pacific."

For he had pressed on to the Pacific, feeling as if in the great cities there he could find once more the civilization for which he was homesick: he wanted libraries, he wanted a game of chess, and in "New Westminster" he found both. "Dead-broke" though he is, all the time, our tramp really needs very little to make him happy. Sufficient food, no matter how plain, a bed at night, a game of chess, and readable books of any sort by day, and the troubles of life are nothing to him. But the saw-mill becomes bankrupt, and he is turned out of his temporary elysium, and has to "move on" again. He does not inflict many of his despairing words upon us, and even if he is hungry and in pain, generally bears it like a man. But there are a few pages toward the end of the book, when he asked for work and asked in vain, when there was no work and no money, and hospitality was mean and niggard, when he says: "The iron entered into my soul. I walked like a whirlwind with a pestilence and despair in me, self-contained and wrathful. I ate in silence or went hungry in silence. I rose up in starvation and lived on apple orchards like a bird of prey forced to hateful fruits, lacking blood and flesh. I passed men on the road and spoke not. I was no happy tramp who never worked, preferring to beg and lie in the sun or steal; I was strong and tall, and could do most things; yet no work." He chops wood for his breakfast and "drove the axe down wrathfully as though an enemy's head were beneath the keen edge." But this mood passes; he reaches some solitary ridges of the hills under the wide sky, where he sees deer plunging through the brush, and sitting down he takes out his Virgil and having read the Sixth book, gets up calmer and better.

It is easy, his story preaches, to go down into the Avernus, and what saved him over and over was his love for books, and of the beautiful memories his books had put into his mind. Yet, why, sheltered and happy people ask, this terrible lack of work, this incessant pressing on, rejecting things behind and pushing on to things before? But the book teaches us much of the perpetual warfare, the bitter fight for life, which is going on all about us. We are glad to say, however, that our tramp finally made enough money on a California grape-ranch to go back to England, and arriving there (probably "dead-broke") with all this experience, has given us a real live book.

E. K.

#### THE BEST COAST DEFENSE.

THE only war in which this country is now, or is likely under a wise conduct of public affairs soon to be involved, is the industrial war. Our principal antagonist in this general international battle is Great Britain. Trusting to her insular position for defense against invasion, Great Britain has not been forced to maintain the great armaments at home with which her continental neighbors are burdened. In virtue of an analogous advantage conferred by the existence of long-protected established industries, accumulated capital and other economic conditions, in which she differs from all other nations, as much as in her geographical position and environment, she has not of recent years found it necessary to maintain as a defense to her industries a Protective Tariff.

But the conditions in this country are widely different from those prevailing in England. Fortunate in physical protection by the oceans on our east and on our west against military invasion, we have not yet arrived at the industrial conditions which permit us to neglect coast defenses in the industrial war.

We must defend our arsenals, our magazines, our camps at home before we can hope to carry on a successful war on foreign shores. This defense is found in a Protective Tariff; and the strength of the fortifications necessary is exactly measured by the strength of the armament of offense. That is to say, the Tariff is measured by the cost of production. It is folly to pick out one or another article and say that this is unworthy of protection because the interests involved are small, or the number of persons dependent upon it, few, or the taxes disproportionate, or whatever other argument may be employed. The strength of a chain is the strength of its weakest link. When the enemy is admitted into the stronghold, it is an idle excuse to say that the portal by which he gained entrance was left unguarded because it was so small.

The competition of industry is the modern form of the struggle for existence between civilized nations. It is a war, and must be regarded from a military standpoint. And from that standpoint it is almost self-evident that a protective tariff is the best coast defense.

S. S. C.

[It is quite true, as our contributor above points out, that the contests in which civilized nations are now mostly engaged are those of industrial competition. By the development of the steam-engine we have a new world, and this new world has its new wars. This is not the same planet as that which Napoleon shook by the force of the French arms; yet its conflicts are as real, and perhaps as desolating, as his were.—Editor of THE AMERICAN.]

#### ON A CANE I LOST.

EVEN an old stick may have its affectionate niche among our memories. If, for instance, it was cut from a wayside hedge some morning when the sky and roads invited you forward,—when walking seemed the only pleasure worth living for and a tireless comrade or two the next best thing to life itself,—then, the day, the hour of starting, words spoken, jests banded, and all the thousand and one cheerfulnesses of a journey afoot will cluster perennially over its rough bark like the flowers on Aaron's rod. Or suppose it came to you as the gift of some road haunting friend, the symbol of kindred pursuits and a mutual love of walking tours,—will there not rest in its horny crook a warmth from that well-known hand,—even something of his gait when you go abroad with it?

It stands in its corner of your room, say, like an olive branch to conjure peace with. Recollections of tranquil resting places and of happy talk and laughter caught up and passed on interminably by the overhanging leaves,—these are its spells. Of itself it draws the magic circle and charms forth the spirits of departed scenes: mirth and thought which had otherwise fallen into forgetfulness. Some invisible Merlin seems to wield it and do pretty incantations with its homely rod. Like the "viol" which Ariel Shelley sent to his mistress Miranda, it can "echo all harmonious thoughts" because it, too, once budded where

"The woods were in their winter sleep  
Rocked in that repose divine  
On the wind-swept Appennine  
And dreaming, some of autumn past,  
And some of spring approaching fast,  
And some of April buds and showers  
And some of songs in July bowers  
And all of love."

It has in its essences of old suns and storms, and must perforce give them forth to boon friends. Perhaps there are sounds of waters in its texture, like the echo in a sea shell; and I feel sure that it holds petrified moonlight under its guarded exterior.

But the cane I lost, while possessing all these elements of friendship, had two or three special traits which can only be ac-



quired by a long experience of the road. It was, in truth, a sober enough companion, but its fondness for country inns was a characteristic which made its company irresistible.

It was a very shabby stick and liked road-fellows of similar taste. Its ferrule was a tradition and much of its bark had peeled off, like the conventions of the company it liked best, showing the genuine "heart of oak" beneath. It was, indeed, but a tramp of a cane, but as I have said there were Bohemian moods in its composition which found nothing so good in life as the interior of a roadside inn.

There were two hostleries in the vicinity of the city, which it most frequently patronized, but there was a charm about accidental "entertainment for man" which was not to be altogether overlooked and it loved to "happen in" at new places also. The "King of Prussia," however, was the prime favorite with this eccentric stick of mine. It is an inn which stands at the crossroads embowered in trees and neighbored by comely old houses which cluster about its threshold like ancient guests whose slips of hair are white and venerable. Why I should think of silvery elf-locks in referring to these old homesteads I do not in the least know; but I suppose the sweet cleanliness of white-wash, the dainty curtains, the dignity of age—all have part in my memories of them and dwell in my mind as a concentrated picture of reverend years. Perhaps, too, the lazy old dog which I have seen stretched on the carriage block dozing away a well-fed life, has his element in the transformation and ekes out the idea of reflective cogitation. I know not either, any better, why all objects of man's creation which have been long in the weather, take on pathetic characteristics and so become half human—but it is as certain that they do so as that the penetrative author of "Bleak House" knew just wherein the resemblance lay.

But to return to the King of Prussia. The blacksmith shop is yonder across the bridge; the wheelwright's is beyond; and the "store" is comfortably seated in a gossiping attitude between them. There is a fine breadth of open ground in the centre, for five roads meet at the "King" and make quite a hey-day of traffic under the shade of its sycamores. The farmers drive market-ward loads of hay beneath their boughs and leave snatches of last year's timothy amongst this year's verdure. Teamsters stop for an exchange of news and lounge into their shade while the horses take a draught from the trough; farm-wives gossip to and from the store through the shadows of their leaves; and the dusty pedestrian finds the big seat about their roots full of invitation to his jaded limbs. A cool spot, indeed, through the summer, but one of beauty through all seasons! A little commonwealth of quietude where "noises of the nations die away" and sylvan thoughts come tranquilly into the mind; sylvan sounds of cattle and mown grain into the ears; and such a fragrance of growing things into the nose as makes the dreamer—for one inevitably falls asleep there—wander in a paradise of flowers.

My stick was of course insensible to all this save through that dumb affinity with its aboriginal life which I have attributed to all sticks. Its habit was rather to seek the tap and have discourse on the roads, the weather, stocks (a familiar topic with sticks), and finally upon "something to take"—or in truth, its owner did, which is much the same thing—with Mine Host who was an old acquaintance and loved a gossip.

The tap-room of the King of Prussia was not unique in its dim attractiveness. All roadside inns have that dusky quarter where rests, summer-through, the intangible flavor of sweet drinkables kept in the sacred recesses of the bar and reached for (when ordered) like treasure trove, not for the common gaze. Some bills of last fall's circus were always hanging from the coat-hooks and occasionally these were supplemented with a great yellow auction placard announcing the sale of "a bay horse, etc., etc.," or "herd of blooded stock." In summer the flies kept up a humming accompaniment to Mine Host's converse and

"Seemed to one in drowsiness half lost  
The grasshoppers 'mong some grassy hills."

for it was a slumberous nook and the arm-chairs held up enticing arms in conspiracy with the drowsy flies until one succumbed and—awoke perhaps at the supper-bell.

There is an ancient kitchen at the King of Prussia which has brought down,—at least it has for me,—savor of the colonial bounty,—of great roasting sides of beef and barbecued mutton, the "hiss" of "roasted crabs"—

"While greasy Jean doth keel the pot;"

the circled family in its glow listening bewitched to the Yule tales; good humour; good-living and generous appetites. Was it, by the way, due to this hearty life, that anti-dyspeptic fluids were not an habitual tippie of those old generations? Was it because of warm firesides and lusty dishes that men could get along in those days without soda drops and warm draughts. It would be hazardous to attempt to dogmatize on such feeble premises as an

inn-kitchen affords, yet the King of Prussia would, I dare aver, roar with royal laughter if one but hinted "indigestion" under his smoky girders.

His majesty himself has been a loyal subject of the ancient house. He has hung at its doorway in all weathers for more than a century. His coat (of paint, if you will), is much faded now, but there aloft on his prancing charger, in a dim yellow-ochre field, wielding a sword and wearing a three-cornered hat, he continues to swing in all the pleasant winds that come down the roads or, with no disrespect I say it, creak to the wintry blasts.

But the dining-room is the sum of comforts which this royal effigy presides over. It is two rooms, in truth, with deep window-seated casements which look over the garden at one end, and under the roadside sycamores at the other. Here come steaming dishes and toothsome beverages; much talk of the farm and an occasional song; leaf-cool shadows in summer and the glow of an aged hearthside in winter. The old room seems whispering with the good cheer of past ages, and, in truth, if one's ears were sharp enough to catch them, perhaps there is many a soft nothing spoken in its dusk and responded to as old fashioned wooers were wont to respond to such enticements—still lurking there. My stick and I have certainly caught sight of a laughing eye or two and withal we have enjoyed such hospitality as went out in other quarters with shad-bellied coats and high stocks.

Another resort of ours was the Rose Tree Inn: a great nest of white outbuilding, horse sheds, roomy barns, and, at the corner of the roads, a little house with comfort written in every crevice of its colonial stone. It sits by the turnpike like an old gentleman who would like to be affable in his antique way, and who hands you his snuff box as a preliminary to talk. And his talk is charming in its candor. It is of foxes and horses—of turkeys for the holidays and last year's rheumatism—of homely "accidents by flood and field." He—I find I have naturally drifted from the house to the landlord—a transition inevitable where the identity is so striking—he talks a pleasant vernacular of the country, and standing in his shirt-sleeves under the shingled porch will spin you yarns of past hunts—will show you the "pack," if you will, and call out with feigned severity to the huddling, yelping hounds as you approach, and, finally, beguiling you back to the common-room with its hunting scenes and shell ornaments, its wisp of asparagus over the mirror, and its county newspaper a month old—finally he will throw open an inner partition and you are—have been all the while—in the presence of a heaping board.

But, reader, you will think us trenchermen rather than country strollers. Though we are fond of good living, my stick—alas I can no longer say *my* stick—and I, yet often a crust has been made the sweetest of diet by the sauce of twenty miles. When your eyes grow sore with reading or work and your mind grows sad with trouble, try our regimen. There's a magic in it will cure many ills we think chronic and ineradicable.

The last walk my cane and I took together, was in company of a vagabond whose every faculty may be summed up in the word *camaraderie*. We walked far through the hazy weather talking of "fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute" and making little sallies over into the borderland of buffoonery with "Holme's puns," as he called them, and laughter upon sunny trifles. And so it was we lost my favorite cane—my old companion of the road. We had stopped at a spring for its cool benevolence and there, in a circle of its kin, whose shadows eddied on the water, we left the good stick, unconscious, under stress of talk, of its absence until we were miles further on at the board of one of the inns it oftenest loved to stop at.

I like to think that it may have fallen into kindly hands and may lead its new companion into some haunts whose charm he little wots of.

HARRISON S. MORRIS.

#### WEEKLY NOTES.

ANOTHER fable of antiquity has been turned into an actual fact. In the last number of the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland*, Dr. William Henry Fowler, Director of the Natural History Department of the British Museum, describes two skeletons of Akkas, (a pigmy race), recently sent to the British Museum by Dr. Emin Pasha. These diminutive negroes, who inhabit the Monbottu country of Central Africa, were discovered by Schweinfurth in 1870, but the measurements taken by him at the time have been lost. Quatrefarges conjectured that this is the pigmy race referred to in Homer and Herodotus. The female skeleton measured 4 feet, and in life according to a statement by Emin Pasha 3.98 feet. The Akkas are among the smallest (if they are not the smallest), people of the earth. They belong to the black or negroid race.

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THE religious newspapers have joined in a general protest against the picture of the Protestant missionaries in Japan which Mr. House draws in his novel "Yoni Sante," in course of publication in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Our gratitude to Mr. House for the services he has rendered in the exposure of the oppression the Island Empire has suffered at the hands of the European powers, and especially of Great Britain, makes us exceedingly reluctant to say anything in dispraise of his work. But our intercourse with educated Japanese for the past ten years satisfies us that they entertain a very different estimate of the missionaries from that to which he has given such currency as his story will obtain among American readers. They speak with great respect of the services to Japan which the American missionaries especially have rendered, and of the scholarship of such men as Dr. Hepburn and Dr. Brown with warm admiration. And it will be remembered that the leading newspaper of the capital some years ago based upon the devotion and character of the Christian missionaries an argument for the adoption of Christianity as the religion of the country. It said that Buddhism was quite incapable of producing men of the same degree of self-sacrificing consecration to good works, as these missionaries had shown.

Mr. W. W. Hunter, who knows India as does no other European, has published an estimate of the Christian missionaries in that country which is based upon long observation of their work and influence. From what we have seen and learned of the missions in the two countries, we should say that Japan is favored with a higher class of Christian teachers, if there be any difference. Yet Mr. Hunter writing as an outsider pronounces upon the Indian missionaries a eulogy which even their friends would think emphatic and possibly extreme.

THE death (in New York, on the 12th, of supposed yellow fever), of Mr. Richard A. Proctor, the lecturer and writer, has raised anew the discussion as to the worth of the class of scientific men to which he belonged. That his name is associated with no notable discoveries in astronomy or any other field of science, and that his judgment on scientific questions was distrusted by the best authorities, are facts beyond dispute. Nor was he ever an educator, the title of Professor given him by the newspapers being one of courtesy only. His one work was the popular treatment of astronomy before popular audiences, and in popular summaries in books and periodicals. It is said, however, that this very work was eminently promotive of scientific progress by keeping up a general interest in such subjects, and thus helping to secure the endowments by which that progress is secured. We doubt the force of this reasoning. Endowments have done very little indeed for the promotion of science. Its great achievements have been those of the unendowed, who have been earning a living in the drudgery of teaching or writing, while their thirst for knowledge has carried them over all difficulties in their way. Who endowed Newton? Astronomy might seem to be an exception, but its endowments as a rule have come from governments, and not from individuals influenced by popular lectures. And governments have been brought to take this step by the practical need of observatories as helps to navigation and other useful ends.

In modern times the friends of science, like those of religion, have come to ascribe to money a usefulness in this respect which it does not possess. As a consequence there is a great danger that the scientific standard of success may be changed for a mercantile one. The proposal of one member of Congress to offer a great sum as a reward for a preventive or cure of yellow fever shows how our mercantile-minded public may do harm to the world of scientific research. Jenner needed no reward to set him upon the search for a prophylactic for small-pox. A truly scientific spirit would furnish motive enough to any physician to undertake a similar work in the case of yellow-fever, if there were the slightest chance of its leading to similar results.

MR. PROCTOR had made an impression upon this country somewhat more favorable than the average of his class of English visitors. He had spent much of his time here for the last fifteen years, having come on his first lecturing tour in 1873, and for seven or eight years he had made his home in America. He was born at Chelsea, England, on the 23d of March, 1837. His most striking work, doubtless, was his book published in 1870, "Other Worlds than Ours." His "The Old and New Astronomy," published in parts by Longmans, Green & Co., London, is now issuing from the press, the fourth and fifth numbers having reached THE AMERICAN since the author's death.

THE statement has appeared in several journals, among others the New York *Tribune* of the 18th instant, that in the season's changes in the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania,

Professor Simon N. Patten "succeeds Professor Thompson" in the chair of Political Economy. There are two errors in this statement, one specific the other implied. Professor Patten does not succeed Professor Thompson, but relieves him, slightly, of the duty of lecturing on political economy in the Wharton School department. Professor Thompson's official place is that of History and English Literature, and he never has been styled professor of Political Economy. Apparently there is an idea in some quarters that the University has been inclined to reverse, or at least to modify, the character of its teaching on economic questions, and the correction of the errors mentioned above may include this also. With reference to political economy, Professor Thompson's duties are the same as heretofore, except in the Wharton School, and he is the only teacher of this subject in the College department at large.

#### THE RUFFED GROUSE.

BEFORE the morning's winged rays  
Fly, golden-breasted, o'er the east,  
Along the leaf-strewn mountain ways  
The grouse-cock gleams his humble feast.  
For him the varnished bud is meat,—  
The worm, the beetle, and the snail;  
The forest fountain, trickling sweet,  
Is a clear draught that does not fail.  
O'er wild and solitary fells;  
On heights that with the sun at morn  
And even are alone; in dells  
Margined by fields of ripening corn;  
In alder-swamps,—in hemlock glooms  
(Where the bark-hunter hears him drum—  
With faint, far-off, recurrent booms—  
'Twixt pauses in the saw-mill's hum),  
Ever he roams: and Nature knows  
No finer instinct, keener sense,  
Than his to mock the whelming snows  
Or prowlers of the thicket dense.  
And unto him who times his year  
Less by the slowly southing sun  
Than the stained leaflet, gay or sere,  
That bids him forth with dog and gun;  
Whose ear with more delight is lent  
To lisping fall or fluting bird,  
Than to the rarest instrument  
In halls of Art or Worship heard;  
There comes no time so wholly pure;  
No joy so deep—so lasting sweet—  
As when, with instant aim and sure,  
He fells him at his setter's feet.

CHARLES HENRY LUDERS.

#### REVIEWS.

POEMS: PATRIOTIC, RELIGIOUS, MISCELLANEOUS. By Abram J. Ryan. (Father Ryan). Twelfth Edition. A New Revised and Enlarged Edition, containing a Memoir and all the Poems written by him up to the Time of his Death. Pp. xxxiii. and 456. Baltimore: The Baltimore Publishing Company.

WHEN a volume of poems reaches a twelfth edition in one generation, there must be solid reasons for its popularity. Even Tupper's and Robert Montgomery's have their significance as indicating to the scientific critic the existence of intellectual needs which their verse meets, and criticism will not do half her duty if she confine herself to pronouncing upon the goodness or badness of the poetry in itself, without accounting for its vogue. There are four reasons we can find for the popularity of Father Ryan's volume of poems. The first is the personality of the man. He was not only a much beloved priest of his own Church, but a popular orator and lecturer, who made the charm of his personality felt in wide circles, especially in the South. The second is his passionate Catholicism. While this made his poems less acceptable to the majority of his countrymen, it won them a welcome all the warmer among his own brethren, whom the progress of education and of wealth is making susceptible to the charms of a Roman Catholic literature of genuine merit more than ever before in this country. As Frederick Robertson once remarked,



Catholicism, just because it focuses the religious life in special times, places, acts, and persons, lends itself more easily to poetical treatment of a sort (not the highest sort), than does Protestantism. Take for instance one verse of the poem "Feast of the Sacred Heart" in which this is illustrated:

The priest comes down to the railing  
Where brows are bowed in prayer;  
In the tender clasp of his fingers  
A Host lies pure and fair,  
And the hearts of Christ and the Christian  
Meet there—and only there!

Grant once the fact that in a definite liturgical act there is the only contact of the human and the divine, and the belief shapes itself into such verse almost inevitably. But it is the verse of the preacher and the rhetorician, not of the seer who, passing out of the special and the local, touches the deepest things of our nature. And religious verse, Protestant as well as Catholic, has suffered in both character and influence in being by far too clerical and technical. It has been concerned with real and supposed focuses of the divine presence.

A third element of Father Ryan's popularity, we are sorry to say, is due to the fact that he is preeminently the singer of the Lost Cause. The title-page promises us patriotic poems. We have found none in the book, unless we count as such some verses in which he acknowledges the generosity of the North to the Memphis sufferers from the yellow-fever, and even in those the duality of South and North is kept firmly in the foreground, and not for one moment swallowed up in the common nationality. Our author was an unreconstructed rebel, whose piety did not in the least lead him to recognize any decision of the divine justice in the overthrow of the Confederacy. He sees nothing in it but a mysterious trial laid upon those who fought in vain "in a cause, though lost, still just," and pleads only for forgiveness for those who fought the battle of liberty and of national unity. Much of his best and most passionate verse is spent on this theme, and we fear that this has had much to do with the wide popularity of his poems in the South. In this respect the book is a bad sign, although we have little doubt that there is a great deal of unreality in this glorification of the Lost Cause, as there was in Scottish Jacobinism as illustrated by Sir Walter Scott.

The last element of attraction in the book is its power of rhetorical verse. Father Ryan had a remarkable gift of language, and one far beyond his power of original thought. Contrast, for instance, his religious poems with those of Cardinal Newman or Miss Rossetti. The latter are far more thought-weighted than his, but his power of expression, his wonderful flow and fluency, his rhetorical fullness are such as they neither could nor would wish to equal. It is the Celtic element in his nature, reminding us at times of Moore and other Irish singers by its abandon and its swing. Here is a specimen of its character:

Out of the silences wake me a song,  
Beautiful, sad, and soft, and low;  
Let the loveliest music sound along,  
And wing each note with a wail of woe.  
Dim and drear  
As hope's last tear,  
Out of the silences wake me a hymn,  
Whose sounds are like shadows soft and dim.  
Out of the stillness of your heart—  
A thousand songs are sleeping there—  
Wake me a song, thou child of art!  
The song of a hope in a last despair,  
Dark and low,  
A chant of woe,  
Out of the stillness, tone by tone,  
Cold as a snow-flake, low as a moan.  
Out of the darkness flash me a song,  
Brightly dark and darkly bright;  
Let it sweep as a lone star sweeps along  
The mystical shadows of the night.  
Sing it sweet,  
Where nothing is drear or dark or dim,  
And earth-song soars into heavenly hymn.

Now this is not "much sound and little sense," but it is a case of sound as much valued as sense and for its own sake. It has the fatal fluency of much Irish verse, whose writers have not yet learnt that high art of self-repression which Cardinal Newman insists upon in his poem beginning "Prune thou thy words." It is typical alike of Father Ryan's strength and his weakness. He is by no means one of the world's great singers; he is not even high in the second order of poets. But he has some genuine poetic power, and his poems represent strongly forms of thought which have their own interest.

A GIRDLE ROUND THE EARTH. Home Letters from Foreign Lands. By D. N. Richardson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

There are two extremes of style belonging to writers of books of travel, between which every new book that appears may easily be located. The one extreme is what may be called the Baedeker, which occupies itself chiefly with chronicles of distances, altitudes and the food furnished by inn-keepers. The other extreme, the egoistic, presents us travel histories with the secret purpose of airing decided views upon subjects which in general have little to do with travel in foreign lands. It would be quite easy to give examples of these extremes, but our present purpose is to offer some remarks upon Mr. Richardson's "Letters from Foreign Lands." We have read most of the volume. The author is intelligent and imaginative, and never inclined to intrude himself between the reader and the picture he is making. A book of travels so generally attractive as this seldom comes from the press.

A conspicuous merit of the book is its omissions. It deals with the most interesting parts of the tour. Across the United States, "Old England," Paris and the Atlantic voyage are treated briefly. The body of the "Letters Home" are from Asia. One-third the book is given to Japan and China, and one-half as much to very entertaining reminiscences of India. "Bible Lands" occupy about sixty pages, but a better way of seeing Palestine, Mr. Richardson concludes, is by one's fire at home, in an arm-chair, with a good book or two. A flying trip among the Russians includes only Moscow and St. Petersburg. Europe, our author says, is afraid of Russia's numbers, and the question "Slav or Saxon?" is a real one and of deadly earnest. "Britain has not in a full century won a victory alone; the German realm seeks an ally when she thinks of Russian hordes; all this European world fingers the Russian map with bated breath." Pictures from sunny (church-ridden) Italy and a few sketches in Scandinavian lands complete the volume.

Our traveler, like many who have preceded him, thinks there is occasion to complain of the consular service of the United States. He says that consular officers are poorly paid and are not able to provide themselves with respectable quarters: dingy offices are the rule, stuffy chambers up four flights of stairs, and in general establishments that will fail dismally to impress foreigners with a due sense of the greatness of the Republic. "About the best legation outfit in the world furnished by Uncle Sam is that at Tokio, Japan; and about the best consular establishment is at Yokohama. These are detached, spacious, airy, and wholesome." At Bombay, however, the consulate was found with much difficulty, on the fourth floor, in a "stuffy chamber," which was also the consul's dwelling-place. Of "moral shortages" in the service Mr. Richardson declares he heard "too much," and he asserts that "gaming and evil living among our representatives abroad have had some bad effects." We do not understand him, however, that such cases are more than exceptional, and he remarks that "some of the weeds have been cast out." As is just, he laments the diminution of our commerce in American bottoms, and as is very common, he blunders in explaining why it has (relatively) fallen off.

"By our style of protecting iron interests, and by our admiralty customs," he says, "the States are yearly losing ground, our shipping growing less and less;" and he cries out, "How long, O Lord, how long, shall the interests of a few stand more than equal with the interests of the masses?" It is obvious that our traveler is quite unacquainted with the facts of the case, and as he has made an interesting volume of travels, it is a pity that he could not close without a blind-fold excursion into economics. He might read with great profit the remarks on this subject of that veteran captain of American ocean ships, Captain Samuels, in his lively book published a year or two ago. Meanwhile let us suggest to him that while the United States refuses to do for its ocean lines of steamships what all other countries have done for theirs,—i. e., build them up by liberal compensation for mail service, or direct "subsidies,"—the lines so favored by our competitors will doubtless hold the seas. Importing English iron would give us a cheaper—and a poorer—iron for our ships, but it would not solve the present problem. Let our author turn his face toward Washington, and demand to know "how long" the policy there will be to aid railroads and discourage ships, how long the officers of the Post-office Department will refuse to encourage American lines, and give all their favor to those of other countries. It is said that men travel to unlearn, and so experienced a traveler as Mr. Richardson, we predict, would have little difficulty in unlearning, by a closer acquaintance with the facts of the case, to believe in the theory that we have "protected our merchant marine off the sea."

The make-up of this book is excellent in its sense of proportion, the paper, the margins, the letter-press and the character of the work all being taken into consideration. Mr. Richardson writes graphically and with sustained interest and even enthusiasm.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. A Biography for Young People. By Noah Brooks. Pp. 476. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886.

It is difficult to imagine a theme more suitable for presentation to young people than the life and character of Abraham Lincoln, and it would not be very easy to find any one more capable of writing upon it vividly and gracefully than Mr. Brooks. He has the sympathy with human nature, the practical experience of Western life, and the familiarity with the historical circumstances, which an author ought to have who undertakes Lincoln's biography, and besides he has the art of writing simply, clearly, and attractively, so as to engage and hold the attention of young readers. Some of his juvenile books, especially "The Boy Emigrants," are among the best of their class.

Mr. Brooks, as he explains in his preface, made the acquaintance of Mr. Lincoln, in 1856, in the Frémont campaign, and this grew into some degree of intimacy, continuing throughout the Lincoln-Douglass campaign two years later. The relation between them became more intimate and confidential when in 1862 he "met Lincoln in Washington and saw him almost daily until his tragical death." In this association he had the opportunity of studying for himself the character of the great man, and of appreciating that almost unique moral influence which he exercised over all who intimately knew him. Some of the details in the book Mr. Brooks got at first hand: they "were derived from his own lips, often during times of secluded companionship."

Mr. Brooks's volume will take its own place as an excellent biography of Lincoln for young people. It is compact, interesting, and complete. It is infused with an honest, manly, and patriotic spirit. It confines itself closely to the personal theme, but its notice of the great events in which Lincoln's career is set is graphic and comprehensive. Mr. Brooks's estimate of the political issues and of the men who dealt with them, and his comprehension of the War and its moral and political relations, are such as in our judgment qualify him for his work,—without which, indeed, he would not be qualified at all.

#### BRIEFER NOTICES.

Mr. William Harrison Clarke has written a volume with the title "The Civil Service Law: a Defense of its Principles, with the corroborative Evidence from the Works of many Eminent American Statesmen," (New York: L. K. Strouse & Co.), which may be commended to those who wish to have in a small space what the friends of the Eaton-Pendleton law have to say in its behalf. With very much of what Mr. Clarke has to say we are in entire agreement, especially when he exposes the abuses of the Spoils system and its tendency to lower the political morality of the country. But we do not find in his book any recognition of the limitations which render the existing law altogether insufficient to put a period to the Spoils system in our politics, or of the inadequacy of the method of competitive examinations to sift out really competent men for even clerkships in the government departments. And we find statements of the actual workings of the existing system which are not borne out by the facts. Besides this, very much of the matter Mr. Clarke alleges is entirely irrelevant, as when he drags in a history of the English laws to put a stop to dishonesty in elections. And we think he does not strengthen his case when he appeals to the experience of China which has had a competitive examination system for 4,000 years, and certainly has not reaped from it the vast advantages we are told to expect from its introduction into America.

Recent numbers of Cassell's National Library are (1) "Second Part of King Henry IV.," by William Shakespeare, with an introduction by Prof. Morley bearing especially on the relation of the play to the actual history of the times; (2) "Essays and Tales," by Richard Steele, taken from the "Tattler" and the "Spectator," and well illustrating Dick's queer compound of jovial Irishman with sincere but frail Christian; (3) "Marmion; or a Tale of Flodden Field," by Sir Walter Scott, altogether the best and most spirited poem he ever wrote, and a perennial favorite with boys; (4) "The Existence of God" by Fénelon in an anonymous English version published in 1713 and frequently reprinted. The "argument from design," which evolutionary science is supposed to have overthrown, is the staple. The book is written with Fénelon's attractive and feminine grace of style.

"A Devout Lover," by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron (J. B. Lippincott Co.) is one of the mischievous class of novels of which no amount of protest serves to check the production. Written with a certain facility, having a surface brightness and ease, "A Devout Lover" is radically unwholesome in its minute descriptions of unregulated passion.

Several additional volumes of the "Author's Edition" of George Meredith's works have been issued by Messrs. Roberts Brothers. Among them are "Beauchamp's Career" and "Evan Harring-

ton," the former of which was considered at some length in a review in THE AMERICAN, June 11, 1887, and the latter in a briefer notice in another issue.

An evil woman, whose wiles "almost" succeed, furnishes the chief figure and the title for Mr. John S. Shriver's novel, "Almost," published by Lombard, Druid & Co., Baltimore. There can be no good reason, certainly, for writing or printing such books as this.

"Fortune's Fool," by Julian Hawthorne, has been added to the Ticknor "Paper Series." This is perhaps the best of all the writings of the younger Hawthorne. It was written when he had ambition and a literary purpose, and is indeed a strikingly fine performance. It is a pity he fell away from such a high standard of excellence,—but very possibly "journalism" pays the best.

#### AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

A VOLUME of essays and critical papers by Miss Agnes Repplier is in the press of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., with the title "Books and Men." The papers are seven in number, and make a neat volume of about two hundred pages. They include her recent contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly*, "The Cavalier," with others issued in that periodical.

"Better Times" is the title of a volume of short stories by the author of "Margaret Kent," to be published shortly by Ticknor & Co.

Yet another universal language has come to the front in "La Lingoo Internacia," the invention of L. Enistend.

D. Appleton & Co. announce an anonymous novel called "Aristocracy," designed as an offset against the delineation of democracy in recent English books.

The London *Publishers' Circular*, noting the reissue of "Chambers's Cyclopaedia of English Literature," simply says: "for convenience of reference this is the best book of its kind." There is no fine writing about that, but for conciseness it could not be easily surpassed.

We are gratified to note evidences of interest in popular lectures on literary subjects. Mr. George Willis Cooke will lecture during the season of '88-'89 on the Brownings, Darwin, George Eliot, and Emerson. He has also two lectures on social topics, and the prospects of his season are good. Mr. Ivan Panin has ready six lectures on Russian literature, one introductory and the others on Pushkin, Gogol, Turgénief, and Tolstoi,—Tolstoi having two.

Charles Francis Adams has written the preface to a new book by Edwards Roberts, to be issued in October by the Harpers.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce an edition of Whittier's poetic and prose works in three volumes, from entirely new plates, with notes by the poet himself. The book will contain two etched portraits and three engraved on steel. There will be a large paper edition also, similar to that of Longfellow's Works, with uncut pages, bound in labeled cloth, and limited to 400 copies.

Messrs. Fords, Howard & Hulbert announce for publication this month "Spirit and Life," a volume of sermons by Rev. Dr. A. H. Bradford, and "The Human Mystery in Hamlet," by Martin W. Cooke, A. M.; as well as new editions of Henry Ward Beecher's "Sermons from Plymouth Pulpit," Dr. McCook's "Tenants of an Old Farm," and "The Gospel History," by Lyman Abbott, D. D., and James R. Gilmore.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, are soon to send forth the first installment of a new series of important reprints. The list will comprise many volumes: "The Lover," by Richard Steele; "The Wishing-Cap Papers," by Leigh Hunt; "Fireside Saints, Mr. Caudle's Breakfast Talk, and Other Papers," by Douglas Jerrold; "Dreamthorp," by Alexander Smith; "Broken Lights," by Frances Power Cobbe; "The Schoolmaster," by Roger Ascham; "Education," by Herbert Spencer, etc.

Admirers of Miss Katherine Wormeley's translations of Balzac will be glad to know that this lady is soon to appeal to the public with a piece of original work. She has made a book of her experiences as an official of the U. S. Sanitary Commission during the Rebellion. "The Other Side of the War" is the title of this venture, and it will be issued before long by Ticknor & Co.

The Italian Government is giving a great impulse to the revival of its splendid literature. In addition to the republication of Galileo's complete works, it has decided, at the suggestion of M. Henry Harrisse, to celebrate the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by the publication of all the documents and charts relating to Columbus. An annual allotment of 12,000 lire for the next four years has been made, and the vast undertaking will be carried out by Senator Correnti, assisted by a commission of savants.



Mr. E. W. Howe, author of that sad but strong book "The Story of a Country Town," has written another novel, bearing the odd title "A Man Story."

"The Philistines," Mr. Arlo Bates's new novel, in press in Boston, is said to complete the scheme of social illustration begun in "The Pagans."

The Mendelssohn-Moscheles correspondence, very fully illustrated, will be published by Ticknor & Co. next month. It will be a very busy month for this house.

An important work nearly ready by Murray, London, is "The Private Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell," edited by W. J. Fitzpatrick. It will be issued also by the American branch of Messrs. Longmans.

A London bookseller was recently "summoned" by the agents of the National Vigilance Association for selling a common English translation of Boccaccio's "Decameron," on the ground that it is an indecent publication. The magistrate declined to send the case for trial because, he said, no jury would convict.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. make these announcements in their "American Commonwealth Series": "Indiana," by J. P. Dunn, Jr., and "Ohio," by Rufus King. Each volume will contain a map.

The scenery of the Alps is being depicted in a new English work entitled "The Pennine Alps," which will appear during the early winter. The views, judging from specimen proof plates, are charmingly executed.

"The Inns of Old Southwark and Their Associations" is the title of a new work by William Rendle and Philip Norman, to be published this autumn by Longmans, Green & Co. It will be abundantly illustrated.

An English gentleman named Thornton is writing a work on "The Rise and Fall of the Stuart Dynasty," based on the collection of Stuart and Jacobite papers in the Royal Library at Windsor. Sir Walter Scott was to have done this work, but the breaking of his health prevented. It was subsequently taken up by the Prince Consort, but not much progress was made. The valuable papers have been placed at Mr. Thornton's disposal by the Queen.

Chatto & Windus announce Mr. Wilkie Collins's last story "The Legacy of Cain," and Mr. Swinburne's new volume of poems. The latter will consist chiefly of short pieces.

A tale called "The McVeys" will be a kind of sequel to "Zury," by the same author, Major Kirkland. Some of the characters in the earlier story reappear.

Dr. Wm. G. T. Shedd devoted forty years of study to his work "Dogmatic Theology," now announced by Scribner & Co.

The fourth and concluding volume of the Halkett-Laing dictionary of the anonymous and pseudonymous literature of Great Britain will soon be brought out, the work having been completed by Miss Catherine Laing, who assumed the responsibility of it on the death of her father several years ago.

A series of biographies of men who especially influenced American religious thought is to be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. A number of volumes are already in preparation. The president of Princeton is the author of a biography of Charles Hodge; Professor Allen has dealt with Jonathan Edwards, John G. Shea with Archbishop Hughes, and John Fiske has written a life of Theodore Parker.

#### PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

A LEADING feature of *The Century* for the coming year will be Mr. Charles De Kay's series of illustrated papers on Ireland. They will deal with the ethnology, customs, literature, etc., of the country, and have been a long time in preparation. Mr. George Kennan's Siberian articles will also be continued during next year. At least two articles will be devoted to a tragic account of the Kara mines.

The appearance of a new musical journal with the title *Centralblatt für Musik* is announced from Leipzig.

London *Truth* speaks of the discovery of more than twenty unpublished letters of Dickens, recently found in an old curiosity shop, and of their early publication in a monthly magazine,—but which one it does not state.

Messrs. Macmillan announce that future numbers of *The English Illustrated Magazine* will be enlarged to seventy pages. With the increased space at the editor's disposal it is proposed to enlarge the department devoted to fiction, and to further develop the literary portion of the magazine. In future each number will contain a complete story or part of a short serial in addition to the monthly installment of the annual novel, and the frontispiece will be printed separately on thicker paper. The leading work of fiction for the new year will be supplied by F. Marion Craw-

ford, and is entitled "Sant' Ilario." The price of the magazine remains as before. It is wonderfully cheap.

*Paris Illustré* is to be republished in English by the International News Company of New York. The first number of this attractive Paris weekly will appear in its English guise early next month.

The October, November, December, and January numbers of *The Youth's Companion* (Boston) will be special numbers, called in order, "The Annual Premium List," "The Thanksgiving Number," "The Christmas Number" and "The New Year's Number." 550,000 copies, it is stated, will be printed of the first of these numbers.

*Harper's Magazine* for October is an excellent number, the most striking articles perhaps being Theodore Child's "Limoges and Its Industries," and Z. L. White's description of "Western Journalism." The scope of Mr. Child's paper is wider than its title implies, it giving broad ideas about ceramics.

The September number of *Shakespeariana* has several good papers and the number as a whole is forcible. H. M. Doak writes on "The Ghost in Hamlet," and Frederick Vinton on "Noted Names in Fiction." There is a suggestive unsigned article on "The Pronunciation of Proper Names in Shakespeare." The Society Proceedings are valuable.

#### ART NOTES.

THE Pennsylvania School of Industrial Art opened on Monday with a list of students increased to the full capacity of present accommodation. Principal Miller, who spent the summer in Europe and visited the leading schools of England, France, and Germany, returns well satisfied that the opportunities offered here for acquiring an education in art as applied to industrial uses will compare favorably with the best that can be had abroad. The greatest advantage the foreign schools have is in their superior endowment. The immense importance of this support to education is better understood in Europe, and as a rule the schools are established and liberally sustained by the local or national governments. They consequently have ample buildings and all the material requirements shown by experience to be desirable.

The great present want of our Pennsylvania school is more room. It needs and deserves a home of its own, with class rooms, work shops, galleries for the museum collection accessible to students,—not two miles away in the Park,—and, above all, a chance to grow. Although it is a State school, in one sense, and is supported almost wholly by Pennsylvania subscriptions, yet it is doing a great work for the whole country, a work whose vital consequences cannot be too highly estimated.

The pressing need of an industrial art school of the highest order, on the largest practical scale, though not generally understood, has been abundantly demonstrated to the apprehension of those who are well informed in the progress of education. It has also been abundantly demonstrated that the Pennsylvania school is qualified to meet this need if granted the means to extend its work. With one-half the endowment that the great European schools are given, this vigorous and well ordered institution could be made a normal training school for the entire country.

That Miss Emily Sartain should succeed to the lamented Dean Bodley's position in the Board of Education was so manifestly right and proper that the only question suggested was whether the duties of the office would interfere with her conduct of the School of Design for Women. Under her judicious management the school has prospered so satisfactorily that the friends of the institution are inclined to look with jealous eyes upon any further demands upon her attention. Happily the new duties are not likely to prove embarrassing on this account, and the prospects for the opening school term are very bright indeed. The entries of new pupils are more numerous than ever before, and the personnel of the classes gives promise of good work. Miss Emma C. King, the competent young artist who gave such admirable service to the water-color students last season, has charge of a new afternoon "studio class," in which each pupil will pursue her own specialty, as the pupils of the great masters did of old.

The late Joseph W. Bates, for many years a director of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, left a considerable collection of pictures, accumulated for the most part in England, during his earlier manhood. These pictures, to the number of about one hundred and twenty, have been consigned by the estate to the care of the Academy. The collection is of a miscellaneous character, and seems to be mainly of historic value, the most numerous and characteristic examples being illustrations of English landscape painting of the last century. There are a few Düsseldorf pictures, fairly good exponents of that school; and perhaps half a dozen more recent works acquired with discretion and knowledge. A cursory inspection leaves the impression that the

collection has been run through a sifting process and the better pictures reserved. After undergoing further culling by the Academy, the selections deemed worth hanging will be put on permanent exhibition.

In November next the new wing of the Metropolitan Museum will be opened to the public. It is something of a misnomer to speak of the addition as a wing, since it is larger than the original building, a much finer structure in appearance, and will contain the more important treasures of the Museum. The ground floor will be devoted to sculpture and to historic monuments in stone. The picture galleries will be on the second floor, and artists who have visited them commend the illumination and the arrangement of space in high terms. The Wolf collection will occupy a separate apartment and as the place is regarded as more perfectly safe from chance of accident or injury than any other depository, the pictures will be removed thither at once.

The State Fair Art Department has been flourishing during the last fortnight to the express satisfaction of the managers, and the prizes have been duly announced. Strangely enough, the artists of the country seem to have neglected the "liberal inducements" offered for their direct encouragement, none of their names appearing in the lists as receiving so much as a diploma of merit. Even home talent did not seem to respond with any enthusiasm, as it were, Philadelphia actually allowing most of the prizes to be carried off by New Jersey. There should be something in the nature of a blush called to somebody's cheek on the announcement that the highest prize, "Five Dollars for the Best Oil Painting" goes to May's Landing, and that a similar sum for the "Best crazy-quilt" has been captured by Camden. The smaller prizes, down to a dollar for the best copied pencil-drawing, and another for the best sofa-pillow in worsted, mostly went the same way. German-town and Manayunk obtained some slight recognition, but Philadelphia artists were left out in the cold, painters, sculptors, patch-workers and all.

Harvard is to have a bronze bust of George Bancroft, the historian. It has been modelled during the past summer by Richard S. Greenough at Newport. Mr. Bancroft is said to have shown more interest in the work than in any other portrait, and with this advantage—which every artist will appreciate—the sculptor has succeeded in producing a likeness that has been received with immense enthusiasm by the Newport critics; everybody that is anybody being an art critic in Newport.

The daily papers are discussing the question, raised by some of our foreign censors, whether the art schools, art museums, art galleries, and similar institutions so liberally endowed in ambitious Western towns, are not likely to do more harm than good. The allegation is that these institutions cultivate an artificial interest, which, as it rests on no sound foundation, is likely to degenerate into sentimentality and affectation.

If there is any danger of unhealthy development in this direction, as many thoughtful people apprehend, there is, happily, a sure corrective, very simple and very easily applied. Let these honorable endeavors to promote artistic culture be directed to the advancement of industrial art education. The training schools where instruction is given in art as applied to industrial pursuits is unquestionably based on the soundest and most legitimate foundation. The best art the world has known has been built up on this substructure, and our liberal minded citizens who have the progress of art in America at heart, can rest perfectly well assured that in establishing and endowing industrial art schools they are taking hold of the matter at the work end.

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

THE recurrence of meteoric showers during August and September has suggested inquiry as to the fate of the meteoric masses which are burnt from the contact with our atmosphere. A series of experiments were recently made by Prof. Norden-skjöld of Sweden. Large masses of snow were melted and metallic iron in a fine powder was found to remain after evaporation of the water. The snow was in several instances taken from localities remote from human habitation, and the connection between the showers of meteors which annually fall and the iron dust thus discovered may be regarded as established.

The act which substituted death by electricity for death on the gallows in the criminal executions of New York, has after all found some strong opponents. These gentlemen denounce the attempt to strip death of its pains and terrors to criminals, and argue that death by electricity is not so sure and painless a process as it has been represented. This of course is a question of fact and investigation, but it is also a fact that death by hanging has always been regarded by humanitarians as a needlessly long and cruel method of execution, as well as a revolting spectacle for all who are obliged to be present.

Another movement in the direction of enlightened humanity is the invention of methods for the relief of those about to endure natural death, and in this some progress has been made.

M. Henri Cernuschi, the French student of monetary science, continues to argue in favor of a universal bi-metallic standard. He said recently that England would suffer as much as any other country should silver disappear from circulation, and the repeal of the Bland law, for instance, would prove a serious danger to her. At the same time it requires only the consent of England to render the international agreement practicable. The English press, so far as any expression has been made, is favorable to an increased use of silver coin.

The papers which were read at the recent Cleveland meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science continue to appear in scientific publications and in pamphlet form. Dr. Brinton's essay on "The Alleged Mongolian Affinities of the American Race" appeared in *Science* of last week. The old division of the world's inhabitants into white, black and yellow races, in the latter of which the American aborigines were included, was rather convenient than scientifically exact. No real correspondence exists between the two races either in color, hair, or shape of the head, and the native Americans have their closest alliance with the white race.

Dr. Charles C. Abbott's address before the Section of Anthropology at the Cleveland meeting, now printed from the Proceedings, gives an account of the chipped flints which were by him found near Trenton, and which he holds to be the work of a race which existed before the advent of the "Indian" race. If this opinion is correct, the advent of man in this part of North America is placed with some certainty at the close of the Glacial Epoch, and the antiquity of American races is made much greater than has been supposed, the period being extended to a time distant from ten to thirty thousand years.

In 1866 Dr. Horatio Hale read a paper before the American Association which embodied his theory of the evolution of language. In some respects this paper was incomplete and we have now a pamphlet recently presented by the author before the Canadian Institute in which the same views are elaborated. His theory is in some respects a reconciliation of the adverse schools of Grimm and Renan. The former held, with the body of German scholars, that primitive mother-tongues were originally monosyllabic, the later more complex forms being built upon these one syllable roots as a basis. M. Renan, on the other hand, holds that monosyllabic tongues are the result of phonetic decay of former synthetic polysyllabic forms. Dr. Hale regards both these theories as consistent with the facts, the case being that "the mother-tongues of the various linguistic stocks were of widely different types, some monosyllabic, others agglutinative, and others inflective." Dr. Hale's theory, we observe, has met with ready acceptance in England by Prof. Müller, and in France by M. Taine and others.

#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

STUDIES IN CRITICISM. By Florence Trail. Pp. 328. New York: Worthington Co.

A NEW ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Prepared upon the Basis of the latest edition of the Unabridged Dictionary of Joseph E. Worcester, LL. D. Pp. 688. \$1.50. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE OWL'S NEST. A Romance. Translated from the German of E. Marlitt by Mrs. A. L. Wister. Pp. 362. \$1.25. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

FORTUNE'S FOOL. By Julian Hawthorne. Pp. 470. Paper. \$0.25. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE. Vol. II. From Teheran to Yokohama. By Thomas Stevens. Pp. 477. \$4.00. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WAR OF SECESSION. By Rossiter Johnson. Pp. 552. \$3.00. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

RAYMOND KERSHAW: A STORY OF DESERVED SUCCESS. By Maria McIntosh Cox. Pp. 321. \$1.25. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER. By George Meredith. (Author's Edition.) Pp. 506. \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

THE EGOIST. By George Meredith. (Author's Edition.) Pp. 505. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

TRIED FOR HER LIFE. A Novel. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Pp. 356. Paper. \$0.25. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

THE PENTAMERON.—Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare.—Minor Prose Pieces.—Criticism. By Walter Savage Landor. Pp. 419. \$2.00. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

NONSENSE BOOKS. By Edward Lear. [I., II., III., IV.] With all the Original Illustrations. \$2.00. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

HISTORY OF TENNESSEE. The Making of a State. By James Phalan. Pp. 478. \$2.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



## DRIFT.

THERE has just been published a *resumé* by Prof. F. A. Walker, of the census of 1880, showing the actual condition of the American people and the rate of their progress. His statements should put an end to several false contentions set up by the advocates of a tariff only for revenue. There are two great classes of producers in the country, agricultural and mechanical, and there are those who profess to believe that their interests are antagonistic. The question is asked, why should ten million farmers be taxed to keep three million artisans profitably employed? Now Mr. Walker's analysis of the census returns shows that there is no such disproportion between agricultural and mechanical pursuits. There is almost exactly one artisan for each two farm-workers in the land. If we add the traders, professional people, and persons engaged in personal service to the mechanical class, we get the aggregate of those who consume the products of land cultivation, and who therefore make the home market of the agriculturist. This aggregate is reported by Professor Walker to be 9,721,606, as against 7,670,493 persons employed in tilling the soil. In other words there are five families to consume the production of four agricultural families. If any serious inroads be made upon our present labor equilibrium, by rendering manufactures uncertain or unprofitable, that process will soon be felt, not alone in the number of artisans forced from the shop on to the land to gain a living, but in the decrease of persons employed professionally, commercially, and as personal attendants. If the withdrawal of imports which protect our manufactures were to result in a change of only twenty-five per cent. in the present distribution of labor during the next presidential term, there would be, on the basis of the last census, ten millions of farmers supplying seven and a quarter millions of consumers not competitive with the former. Here then is the farmer's question in a nut shell. Will he be better off in income when he has only to supply three-quarters of the subsistence of a single person at home, than now when he provides subsistence for one person, and a quarter of that of another? Will it increase the value of his products to have two and a half millions of purchasers of his farm crops transferred from customers to competitive workers? Is agriculture so lucrative a pursuit that the farmer wishes to see the crops of the country increased one-third, and the demand decreased one-fourth at home, by the process of converting mechanics, traders, servants, and laborers into cultivators of the soil?—*The Manufacturer.*

Senator Beck is still at Fortress Monroe, and probably will not return to Washington this session. "His sickness," says a correspondent, "was caused by imprudence on his part. Several weeks ago the weather was very warm in Washington. One night it was so close that the Senator could not sleep in his bed; he got up and took a seat in a chair between two open windows where there was a little air stirring. He fell asleep, and the weather changing in the night, caught a most frightful cold. He awoke choked and

oppressed with an overwhelming sense of suffocation; his lungs were congested so violently that the action of his heart was seriously impaired. Prompt attendance and proper remedies secured relief, but the shock of the attack was very serious, and it will take the Senator some time to fully recover."

The four principal men on the National Democratic Executive Campaign Committee are Col. Calvin S. Brice of Ohio and New York, the Hon. Arthur Sewall of Bath, Me., the Hon. William L. Scott of Erie, Penna., and the Hon. William H. Barnum of Lime Rock, Conn. Mr. Barnum is President of one and Director of five railroads; Mr. Sewall is President of four and Director of three railroads; Col. Brice is Vice-President of five, and Director of four railroads, and Mr. Scott is President of one and Director of twelve railroads. The devotion of these and other railway magnates to "the party of the poor" is touching.—*Boston Journal.*

Gen. Lew Wallace, in his biography of General Harrison, notes the fact that when Harrison graduated from Miami University in 1852, the subject of his address was, "The Poor of England," and that he then, at 19 years of age, made a direct and vigorous protection argument.

A marked increase has taken place in the number of ships passing Constantinople with wheat for the Mediterranean and Western Europe. Thirty steamers passed through the Sea of Marmora between the 17th and 24th of August, as well as fourteen sailing ships. Since January 1st, 706 steamers laden with wheat came by the Golden Horn.

Captain Moses Harris, First cavalry, acting superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, reports that, after careful investigation, he finds that fully two hundred buffalo range over the divide between the Madison and Yellowstone rivers in summer, and winter in the adjacent valleys. The elk, deer, and mountain sheep, he says, number many thousands and are constantly increasing. With proper protection, he thinks, no fear need be felt that any of these animals will ever become extinct in this country.

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Offers 6 Per Cent. First Mortgages on Farm and City Properties.

## REASONS FOR INVESTING IN THE SECURITIES OF THIS COMPANY:

First. Because it has had 35 years' experience without the loss of a dollar to a single investor.  
Second. Because its conservative management is insured by the double liability of its stockholders.  
Third. Because nearly 500 of the most prominent financial, business and charitable corporations, including about 60 Savings Banks, 50 Universities, Colleges and Academies, 70 General Church Boards and Churches, and 20 to 30 Insurance Companies, have invested in its loans for many years.  
Fourth. Because these loans are readily negotiable, easily available as collateral, and, while paying a good interest, can be procured at par.  
Fifth. Because the principal and interest of every loan are guaranteed by a fund amounting to about \$2,700,000.

## PHILADELPHIA DIRECTORS:

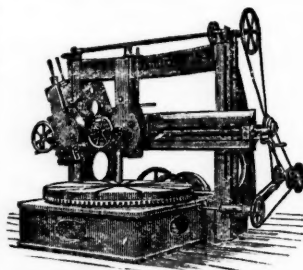
GEO. PHILLER, President First National Bank.  
GEO. M. TROUTMAN, Pres. Central Nat'l Bank.  
WM. B. BEMENT, Industrial Iron Works.  
GEO. BURNHAM, Baldwin Locomotive Works.  
WM. McGEORGE, Jr., Attorney-at-law.

The Loans of the above Company, in amounts from \$250 to \$20,000, can be had at par and accrued interest from

WILLIAM McGEORGE, Jr.

Bullitt Building,

Send for Pamphlet. 131-143 South 4th St., Phila.



## WM. SELLERS &amp; CO., INCORPORATED,

Engineers and Manufacturers of  
Machine Tools.

PHILADELPHIA.

## ANALYTICAL CHEMIST.

DR. F. A. GENTH,  
CONSULTING and ANALYTICAL CHEMIST,  
LABORATORY, No. 111 S. TENTH STREET,

Analysis of Metals, Ores, Coals, Minerals,  
Mineral Waters, Fertilizers, etc.

Instruction in Practical and Analytical  
Chemistry a Specialty.

STATIONERY, ETC.

# THINGS YOU WANT

\$1.50

Will buy a gold fountain pen  
and quart of our imperial Ink.  
Regular price \$2.50.

20 CTS.

Will buy a pound of Flax  
paper, 6 quires to the pound.

50 CTS.

Will buy a Lap Tablet. For-  
mer price 85 cents.

50 CTS.

Will buy a plush box with  
paper and envelopes.  
Former price 85 cents.

\$3.50.

Will buy a Copying Press  
10 x 12 size

\$1.35.

Will buy 1,000 white high cut  
xx-6 envelopes.

HOSKINS,  
MANUFACTURING STATIONERS,  
927 Arch Street,  
PHILADELPHIA.

## SEED WAREHOUSES.

# DAVID LANDRETH & SONS,

The Oldest Established and Most Complete Seed  
Establishment in America. Over one hundred (100)  
years in business.

Over 1,500 acres under cultivation growing



21 and 23 S. Sixth Street, and S. E. Cor. of Del-  
aware Avenue and Arch Street, Phila.

SEEDS, IMPLEMENTS, AND TOOLS,  
and all other requisites for Garden and Farm. Cata-  
logue and prices mailed free on application.

## INSURANCE AND TRUST COS.

INCORPORATED 1836. CHARTER PERPETUAL

# THE GIRARD

LIFE INSURANCE, ANNUITY AND TRUST

CO. OF PHILADELPHIA.

Office, 2020 Chestnut St.

CAPITAL, \$500,000. SURPLUS, \$1,400,000.

ACTS AS EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR  
GUARDIAN, TRUSTEE, COMMITTEE OR  
RECEIVER, AND RECEIVES DEPOSITS  
ON INTEREST, AND INSURES  
LIVES AND GRANTS ANNUITIES.

President, Effingham B. Morris.

Vice-President and Treasurer, Henry Tatnall,  
Actuary, William P. Huston.

Assistant Treasurer, William N. Ely.

Real Estate Officer, Nathaniel B. Crenshaw.  
Solicitor, George Tucker Bispham.

Effingham B. Morris, John B. Garrett,  
George Taber, William H. Jenks,  
Seth I. Comly, George Tucker Bispham,  
H. H. Burroughs, William H. Gaw,  
John A. Brown, Jr., B. Andrews Knight,  
William Massey, Samuel B. Brown,  
Benjamin W. Richards, Francis I. Gowen.

The Provident  
LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY  
OF PHILADELPHIA.

OFFICE, No. 409 CHESTNUT STREET.

Incorporated 3d month, 22d, 1865. Charter perpetual.

Capital, \$1,000,000. Assets, \$20,115,023.49.

INSURES LIVES, GRANTS ANNUITIES, RE-  
CEIVES MONEY ON DEPOSIT returnable on demand,  
for which interest is allowed, and is empowered by law  
to act as EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR, TRUSTEE,  
GUARDIAN, ASSIGNEE, COMMITTEE, RECEIVER,  
AGENT, &c., for the faithful performance of which its  
capital and surplus fund furnish ample security.

ALL TRUST FUNDS AND INVESTMENTS ARE  
KEPT SEPARATE AND APART from the assets of the  
Company.

The incomes of parties residing abroad carefully  
collected and duly remitted.

SAMUEL R. SHIPLEY, President.

T. WISTAR BROWN, Vice-President.

ASA S. WING, Vice-President and Actuary.

JOSEPH ASHBROOK, Manager of Insurance Dep't.

J. ROBERTS FOULKE, Trust Officer

## DIRECTORS:

Sam'l R. Shipley, Israel Morris,  
T. Wistar Brown, Chas. Hartshorne,  
Richard Cadbury, Wm. Gummere,  
Henry Haines, Frederic Collins,  
Richard Wood, Philip C. Garrett,  
William Hacker, Justus C. Strawbridge,  
J. M. Albertson, James V. Watson,  
Asa S. Wing.